Leo. A kind ouerflow of kindneſſe, there are no faces truer then thoſe that are ſo waſht, how much better is it to weepe at ioy, then to ioy at weeping?

Beatr. I pray you, is Signior Mountanto returnd from the warres or no?

Meſſen. I know none of that name, ladie, there was none ſuch in the army of any ſort.

Leonato What is he that you aske for neece?

Hero My coſen meanes Signior Benedicke of Padua.

Meſſ. O hee's returnd, and as pleaſant as euer he was.

Bea. He ſet vp his bills here in Meſſina, and challengde Cupid at the Flight, and my vncles foole reading the chalenge ſubſcribde for Cupid, and challengde him at the Burbolt: I pray you, how many hath he kild and eaten in theſe warres? but how many hath he kild? for indeede I promiſed to eate all of his killing.

Leo. Faith neece you taxe Signior Benedicke too much, but heele be meet with you, I doubt it not.

Meſſ. He hath done good ſeruice lady in theſe warres.

Beat. You had muſty vittaile, and he hath holpe to eate it, he is a very valiaunt trencher man, he hath an excellent ſtomacke.

Meſſ. And a good ſouldier too, lady.

Beat. And a good ſouldiour to a Lady, but what is he to a Lord?

Meſſ. A lord to a lord, a man to a man, ſtufft with al honorable vertues.

Beat. It is ſo indeed, he is no leſſe then a ſtuft man, but for the ſtuffing wel, we are al mortall.

Leo. You muſt not, ſir, miſtake my neece, there is a kind of merry warre betwixt Signior Benedicke and her, they neuer meet but there's a skirmiſh of wit betweene them.

Beat. Alas he gets nothing by that, in our laſt conflict, 4 of his fiue wits went halting off, and now is the whole man gouernd with one, ſo that if he haue wit enough to keep himſelf warm, let him beare it for a difference between himſelf and his horſe, for it is all the wealth that he hath left, to be known a reaſonable

ble creature, who is his companion now? he hath euery mon a new ſworne brother.

Meſſ. Iſt poſſible?

Beat. Very eaſily poſſible, he weares his faith but as the f ſhion of his hat, it euer changes with the next blocke.

Meſſ. I ſee lady the gentleman is not in your bookes.

Beat. No, and he were, I would burne my ſtudy, but I pr you who is his companion? is there no yong ſquarer now th will make a voyage with him to the diuell?

Meſſ. He is moſt in the companie of the right noble Cla dio.

Beat. O Lord, he will hang vpon him like a diſeaſe, hee ſooner caught than the peſtilence, and the taker runs preſen ly madde, God help the noble Claudio, if he haue caught t Benedict, it will coſt him a thouſand pound ere a be cured.

Meſſ. I will holde friends with you Ladie.

Beat. Do good friend.

Leon. You will neuer runne madde niece.

Beat. No, not till a hote Ianuary.

Meſſ. Don Pedro is approacht.

Enter don Pedro, Claudio, Benedicke, Balthaſar and Iohn the baſtard.

Pedro Good ſignior Leonato, are you come to meet yo trouble: the faſhion of the world is, to auoyd coſt, and you i counter it.

Leon. Neuer came trouble to my houſe, in the likeneſſe your grace, for trouble being gone, comfort ſhould remain but when you depart from mee, ſorrow abides, and happin takes his leaue.

Pedro You embrace your charge too willingly: I think this is your daughter.

Leonato Her mother hath many times tolde me ſo.

Bened. Were you in doubt ſir that you askt her?

Leonato Signior Benedicke, no, for then were you a chil

Pedro You haue it full Benedicke, wee may gheſſe by thi what you are, being a man, truely the Lady fathers her ſelf